



WYNTON MARSALIS
& THE LINCOLN CENTER JAZZ ORCHESTRA

BLOOD ON THE FIELDS

MUSICIANS:

WYNTON MARSALIS – Composer, Trumpet
JON HENDRICKS – Vocals
CASSANDRA WILSON – Vocals
MILES GRIFFITH – Vocals
WESS ANDERSON – Alto Saxophone
JAMES CARTER – Baritone Saxophone, Bass Clarinet, Clarinet
VICTOR GOINES – Tenor and Soprano Saxophones, Clarinet, Bass Clarinet
ROBERT STEWART – Tenor Saxophone
WALTER BLANDING – Soprano Saxophone on "Work Song (Blood On The Fields)"
RUSSELL GUNN – Trumpet
ROGER INGRAM – Trumpet
MARCUS PRINTUP – Trumpet
WAYNE GOODMAN – Trombone
WYCLIFFE GORDON – Trombone, Tuba
RON WESTRAY – Trombone
MICHAEL WARD – Violin
ERIC REED – Piano
REGINALD VEAL – Bass
HERLIN RILEY – Drums, Tambourine

Blood On The Fields is composed and conducted by Wynton Marsalis

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CENTER
JAZZ
ORCHESTRA**

**BLOOD
ON
THE
FIELDS**

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WHOSE BLOOD, WHOSE FIELDS?

*Sometimes it happens. A great thing rises before us and we all seem to know what it means at exactly the same time. This took place on the stage of Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center in New York City, a town where people work at not being impressed. **Blood On The Fields.** Uh oh. Something serious. The title tells you that. Something serious. Better get ready. Strap yourself in. The rhythm and tune of this ride might be rough. But it might also be beautiful.*

Because of the historical importance of the premiere of *Blood On The Fields*, these liner notes contain an adaption of the original program notes and the comments that Wynton Marsalis made on his big work and its meaning. Nothing quite like it had ever been written, either by a jazz musician or one from another discipline. It was fitting that the opening was on April Fool's Day, 1994, because Marsalis went beyond all that even those who most admired his writing expected of him. He reached a level of expression arrived at by only the very great artists, but the composer had achieved his new position through absolute contact with the mud and swamp water of the earth. At every turn, no matter how abstractly he might have handled his themes, his rhythms, and his orchestration, there was always something inside the writing that was very old and very profound, something that drew upon the vitality of the Negro spirituals and the blues, those musics of spiritual concern in religious and secular contexts.

Blood On The Fields was sold out both of its two nights, with many standing outside the hall hoping they might convince others who had seats to sell one or two of their tickets. One would have thought money was being given away inside, so frantic were some of those trying to get in for a seat, for standing room only, for anything. That excitement put another layer of heat into the incipient spring night. The audience reflected the ethnic variety of Manhattan as well as the universal appeal of the music. As George Kanzler of the Newark Star Ledger reported, "It was one of those rare concerts where you knew something magnificent, even history-making, was taking place. At intermission, the audience was buzzing with excitement and by concert's end there was a palpable feeling of awe, of being almost overwhelmed by the sheer power of the music."

The epic length of the piece, nearly three hours, put it in a category beyond all other jazz composition. Where many had fumbled before him, either out of a lack of compositional skill or a tendency to pretension, Marsalis was showing how well all of the elements of jazz and its antecedents could work together. Marsalis used a jazz orchestra comprised of young musicians whom he had known almost since they began playing, musicians who were once no more than novices showing up at clinics or backstage following performances. They rehearsed long past frustration and technical obstacles, leaving one rehearsal daunted, another more confident. There was much nervousness before the band came out to let the audience judge. The ensemble executed an extremely demanding score with valor and precision. Marsalis also utilized the marvelous singing styles of Jon Hendricks, Cassandra Wilson, and Miles Griffith, each a representative of a specific era in jazz singing and jazz knowing. Hendricks, Wilson, and Griffith reached levels of swing, tragedy, stoic lyricism, and anger that were much deeper than what one is accustomed to in our time.

At 32, Marsalis was doing his own turn on the use of many different styles that was the central technique Duke Ellington brought to such high order for his 1943 historical masterpiece, *Black, Brown, And Beige*. But when Ellington was 32 in 1931, neither he nor anyone else had written a work this ambitious. It wasn't possible. Marsalis, arriving in our culture when he did, was able to draw on everything that came before Ellington and all that came in his wake. The result was that Marsalis, who had been in pitched battle with the critical establishment, won the writers over just as he did the audiences that stood shouting and clapping when the piece ended. *The New York Times* reported, "Wynton Marsalis's skills have grown as fast as his ambitions and he is the most ambitious younger composer in jazz ... His music holds on to jazz fundamentals—blues and ballads, swing and Afro-Caribbean rhythms, call-and-response—while abstracting them into fast-mutating collages. With *Blood On The Fields*, he also proves he can write melodies that sound natural for singers ... Mr. Marsalis's ensembles bristle with polytonality, dissonance and jagged, jumpy lines and countermelodies, but the rhythm section pushes them along as if they were dance music ... He comes up with elaborate structures and musicianly abstractions, but he also encourages old-fashioned jazz pleasures: snappy riffs, strutting syncopations, repartee between sections, competitive solos and the bedrock of the blues."

Blood On The Fields was the sort of conquest across the board that signals fresh possibilities in American art because, in a time of so much disorder, so many clichés, and such cynicism, the listener is ennobled by the experience of the music.

WHO AIN'T A SLAVE?

The evolution of Wynton Marsalis as a composer is one of the forces that defines the quality of our American art. His body of work now stands above that of all but the most important writers of jazz music. Marsalis has taken on such a large position in the writing of jazz music because he is in possession of a very rich talent and has no difficulty perceiving what kind of a Western music jazz is. He understands how it combines European harmony and African-derived ideas about percussion, drawing its primary melodic sources from the uniquely American line of the blues on one hand and Negro spirituals on the other. He is also aware of the impact that jazz, blues, and spirituals had on the music of Tin Pan Alley and the impact Tin Pan Alley had on jazz.

One of the reasons Marsalis is so clear on the elements that give his art its identity is that he has not only worked with jazz masters of every style but has had wide and successful experience in European concert music, performing everything from Bach to the avant garde of the twentieth century (the work of composers such as Stravinsky, Bartok, Stockhausen, Zwillich, and Ralph Shapey). That rich background has given Marsalis a strong and thorough grounding, not a superficial perception of what constitutes modern music. This technical education has allowed Marsalis to grow ever stronger over the last fifteen years. The consistent growth of his mastery has been documented on nearly twenty albums, each addressing the basics of jazz with compositional variety and adventure. Over and over, one hears how clearly he has brought his own voice to the fundamentals that have given commonality to the highly individual work of the finest jazz musicians—4/4 swing (fast, medium, and slow), the blues, ballads, and Afro-Hispanic rhythms (what Jelly Roll Morton heard as an essential "Spanish tinge").

In *Blue Interlude*, he went beyond even the best jazz writers of the fifties and the sixties to create a form for a small group that lasted nearly forty minutes but maintained cohesion through thematic and harmonic control. In *Citi Movement*, his ballet score for Garth Fagan, he wrote a three-movement symphony for seven pieces, a two-hour work that had no precedent. In *This House/On This Morning* was commissioned by Jazz at Lincoln Center in 1992 and found Marsalis working within a structure based on the Afro-American church service, exceeding in quality and complexity previous jazz pieces that built their foundations on the music of the Negro church. *In This House* was a whole work, not a group of pieces that had no formal relationship to each other. For a collaboration with the New York City Ballet, Marsalis wrote *Jazz (Six Syncopated Movements)*. It used riotous dissonance, marches, railroad train onomatopoeia, ballroom lines, and ragtime to give another form to the composer's epic understanding of American life and history.

Tonight, we will hear Marsalis's first extended composition for large jazz band. He calls it *Blood On The Fields* and explains that American slavery is its subject. Slavery was the buzzard pecking at the liver of the Constitution, and its shadow, like a dark virus, infected everything it touched. It made America schizoid, touched off increasingly hostile debate, challenged the Christian underpinnings of universal humanism, inspired the abolition movement, and made visceral every national shortcoming. That is why Marsalis is convinced that much of our identity as Americans is the result of what slavery meant to our country—its social contract, its laws, its politics, its literature, its military history, its theater, its film. The issues surrounding slavery led to the Civil War, to Reconstruction, and the ninety-year-long struggle to take the Constitution south, resulting in the Civil Rights Movement, our second Civil War.

But the subject of American slavery is much more than a tale of racial degradation. To leave it there is to trivialize what it meant and should mean. No, American slavery isn't the rhetorical football that sentimentalists, hysterics, and demagogues so easily kick around. It was a long, tragic condition that continues to loom larger than almost all that has been said about it by those other than slaves themselves. As a genuine tragedy, slavery is a prismatic metaphor through which we can see beyond color

by seeing all colors. American issues of labor, of gender, of the exploitation of children, and, finally, of human rights within this society are traceable back to that phenomenon, for it defined every inadequacy that was allowed to exist within the United States. The "peculiar institution" raised high the central issue facing civilization under capitalism, which is bringing together morality and the profit motive. Slavery also found in its opponents a deeper understanding of the meaning of democracy and inspired actions that helped define the ethical grandeur of courage within our culture. It is, therefore, a metaphor for every question of unfairness and every question of servitude. As Herman Melville wrote in *Moby Dick*, understanding this well, "Who ain't a slave?"

Of the work, Marsalis says, *It starts on a slave ship during the middle passage. We meet two Africans, Jesse and Leona, who until being forced into the equality of a tragic circumstance, occupied very different stations in life—he a prince; she a commoner. They get sold to the same plantation and are chained together on a coffin. Jesse gets wounded trying to escape, and in order to survive the journey to his new home (for lack of a better term), he has to lean on Leona. When they arrive, he doesn't even thank her for saving his life. He had been a prince in Africa, so perhaps it was beneath his noble station to express gratitude to a commoner. But one thing is apparent, he's caught up in the injustice of his circumstance. For him, freedom is a purely personal thing. He needs to have his understanding expanded, and Leona is equipped with the tools to do the job.*

Eventually, Jesse goes to see Juba, a wise man posing as a fool. And Juba tells him that he needs to do three things. He has to love his new land, he has to learn how to sing with soul, and he has to learn who he will be when free—what will he call himself? nigger, colored, Negro, black, Afro-American, African-American or the next name (maybe just American). Juba's advice sounds too "Uncle Tom-ish." Jesse escapes and gets caught. He has a painful awakening under the bite of the lash. This convinces him to transform his attitude and ultimately his character.

This transformation is completed when he sings the blues chant, "Oh, anybody hear this plaintive song. Oh, who wants to help their brother dance this dance? Oh, I sing with soul, heal this wounded land."

Blood On The Fields details in music what I feel it takes to achieve soul: the willingness to address adversity with elegance.



Calling The Indians Out

*Trouble in our own land, crimes against the human soul
far too large for any describing words to hold.*

II

Move Over

*In a slave ship that darkly sways beneath the star of democracy,
Jesse and Leona lie.*

A captured man and woman, Jesse and Leona.

Cassandra Wilson – Vocal

Wess Anderson – Alto Saxophone

Victor Goines – E-flat Clarinet

Leona: Move over.
Move over now.
Where are we?
Don't you hear me? Over
Anyone come close to me
Touch me. O
I think I hear a drum. I think I hear a drum
Playing, proudly, pounding, saying softly, come
I think I hear a drum, I think I –
Pain and evil all around me, O –
Over, move, move closer over
Touch me closer
O brown doom!!
Hear this cry
Pass on through
Blood wet womb
Rocking tomb, tomb, tomb, tomb, tomb, tomb, tomb, tomb
Where are we? Am I? Are I? Am we? Am we?
I think I hear a drum, think I hear a drum
Think I hear a drum, think I hear the drums
That must be those drums singing on the wind
Take a me back my home I
That's the little one with the ringing tone
Slowly swaying
Taking me back, far away back my home.



No, that's not the sound my drums
Not the sound my drums—that is not a drum
Pounding in, pounding, pound, pound, pound, pound, O, NO
That same beat, that same damned beat of iron drums
No memory. Take a me back my
Stop it. Stop it. Stop it. Momma. Stop it. Stop it.
What are these things in my hair?
And everywhere. Mother, stop it. Stop it.
Stop it. Stop it. Where did my little ones go!
I'm down below, Demons are riding the wind, I, I can't, oh, no.
Momma, Mother, Mother.
Rocking tomb, Blood wet womb
Many cry, O brown doom, beg to die and do
Where are we, am I? Are we? Am we, am we?
Move over move, move closer over, touch me. Closer.
O, My head is spinning round and round
O my eyes just won't see. Demons come to eat me.
Take us back home, far, far away, think I hear
They're playing, proudly, pounding softly come
Pain and evil all around me O-over
Come closer, touch me, someone move over now.

III

You Don't Hear No Drums

Miles Griffith – Vocal
Wynton Marsalis – Trumpet
Eric Reed – Piano

Jesse: Got no place to go
You don't hear no drums woman
Woman you don't hear no drum
All you hear. The clattering of broken bones and homes

Chorus: (*I think you better ride this wave on out*)

Jesse: Stop your whining common girl
Us sold us to this damned world
All you hear the echoes of dead voices final screams

Chorus: (*I think you better ride this wave on out*)

Jesse: I'm a prince, my heart is stone
Could not count the slaves I owned



All you hear, the mocking cry of past accomplishments
(I think you better ride this wave on out)

Woman don't you beg me for no touch
Common girl don't ask me for no love
Low born woman
Hear me sayin'
Woman you don't hear no drums
Death bound river of blood flow
Reeking foul, stench down below
All you hear, the shrieking howls of so much misery

Agony wash over me
Chained to scum on troubled sea
All you hear. The splashing of your head against hard wood

Chorus: (I think you better ride this wave on out)

Jesse: Hear me once more common girl
In rage piss I on the world
All you hear is gasping silence of people choking
So I'm gonna be
flying high, flying high.

Only I
Me and Mine
I've got to get out, got to be way far away-free
Flying high, flying high.

Only I
Me and Mine
I've got to get out, got to be way far away-free

You don't hear no drums, woman!
I think you better ride this wave on out.

IV

A. The Market Place

*In teeming marketplaces, onto the sweet soil
of our democracy is poured the salt of a business
that gives a bitter taste to our national life.*

Wess Anderson – Alto Saxophone
Victor Goines – Clarinet
Wayne Goodman – Trombone
Robert Stewart – Tenor Saxophone
James Carter – Baritone Saxophone



B. Soul For Sale

Jon Hendricks - Vocal

Slave Buyer: What a great day for shopping
I can feel money dropping
People, that's what I'm copping
Soul for Sale

Checking their teeth and hairlines
Pinching a buck whose skin shines
Looking for brown concubines
Soul for Sale

I like my Negroes real
Simple but plentiful of feeling
Think we can make a deal
Nine hundred! What!
Have you lost your mind?
I call that stealing

What 'cha got to make my corn grow?
New pipes for my tobacco
Yes, and let's see that Negro
Soul for Sale

Soul for Sale

Oh I can't wait to buy some
Let's see 'em skip, hop and run
Darky, let go of that young 'un
Soul for Sale

I like my Negroes real
Simple but plentiful of feeling
Think we can make a deal?
Nine hundred! What!
Have you lost your mind?
I call that stealing

Picks, hammers, mules, plows, and hoes
A passel of northern dress clothes
Oh! and I'll take those Negroes
Soul for Sale

**V****Plantation Coffle March**

*Reborn in this land of plenty as livestock.
Talking work animals.*

James Carter – Baritone Saxophone
Herlin Riley – Tambourine

Leona: And slow we marched for all to see
Necks wringed with iron in agony
We drag on feet cut bare by ground
For endless miles did not sit down

New born we bring this land fresh gloom
Rot baked in death ships hot wet womb
Chained men, women and little ones
Reduced to dogs by whips and guns

Jesse: I will not slave for any man
With each slurred step I hate this land
I am a prince, no common man
And soon I will be free

Leona: A weary walking travesty
Chained from this land's sweet majesty
We all submit except for one
Whose high proud heart was overcome

Though bound he took three men to ground
And would have killed but then the sound
Of gunshot rang, the final bell
Straight up he stood, and then he fell

Jesse: I will not slave for any man
With each slurred step I hate this land
I am a prince, no common man
And soon I will be free

Leona: And as he lay our coffle stalled
He could not walk and would not crawl
Was time to move, he lay and fry
Stared at the sun, prepared to die

I lift him up and walk him round
For many miles he makes no sound



This shuffle stops. How could it be?
He says no words of thanks to me
No words to me, no words to me.

VI

Work Song (Blood On The Fields)

*Soon can mean ten minutes, or ten lifetimes.
In this case, 14 years of bondage has passed.*

Wycliffe Gordon – Trombone

Jesse: Mmm

Leona: Mmm-hmm

Jesse: Liftin' and a totin'

Leona: Packin' and a sackin'

Jesse: Pickin' and a hoein'

Leona: Seedin' and a feedin'

Jesse: Plowin' and a growin'

Jesse: Mmm-hmm. All day long
I raise my head to sky
Beat back down by sun's burning gaze
The field hand's cry. I split my fingers down to the blood again.

Leona: Blood on the fields
King cotton grow
Brown soil yields
White up above
Red down below
Brown soil yields
White up above
Red down below
And tomorrow
I can't take no more, no more, no more

Jesse: All day long
Woman
Hush up your whining now
And hold your head up high



To curse this evil land
To hell with this strange man
Watching over me
Day long
I rise
Beat down
Again

Leona: Oh, just hold that whip masso

Jesse: Drive! Driver, hold that whip

Leona: Down on one knee

Jesse: Got to get free
Cruel hot sun

Leona: Day is just begun

Jesse: All day long

Jesse and

Leona: Blood on the fields
King cotton grow
Brown soil yields
White up above
Red down below

Take me home
Far, far away
Blood on the fields
Blood on the fields

Jesse: Pickin' and a hoein'

Leona: Blood on the fields

Jesse: Packin' and a sackin'

Leona: Blood on the fields

Jesse: Plowin' and a growin'

Leona: Blood on the fields

Jesse and

Leona: Red down below

Leona: And tomorrow



VII

Lady's Lament

Victor Goines – Tenor Saxophone

Leona: Night falls,
And then the day breaks
Again the night falls

And then my heart breaks
Again in morning
I face the same old, same ol' day
I thirst for romance
One dance
To give me back my body
Night falls,
Come little romance
Just one cool drink, just one cool drink

I think I hear a drum
I think I hear a drum

Jesse: I think I'm going to leave this slave life behind
You don't hear no drum woman
You don't hear no drum
Woman you don't hear no drum
I think I'm going to leave this slave life behind

A. Flying High

Russell Gunn – Trumpet

Jesse: I got to get out, got to be way far away—free

VIII

Oh We Have A Friend In Jesus

*Ol' Massa is a good and righteous man.
He likes for his Negroes to worship and honor
a merciful and just God.*

Leona: Oh we have a friend in Jesus
He teaches us forgiveness



And a friend I need, Lord Jesus,
To ease this pain of mine
Soon he will come
Free his children
Come to us now
Jesus will show us the way home

A. God Don't Like Ugly

They, however, interpret the word of God quite differently.

Wess Anderson – Alto Saxophone
Roger Ingram – Trumpet
Marcus Printup – Trumpet
Wycliffe Gordon – Trombone

Leona: Let me bathe in the cool waters of your love
O, Lord, your love, Oh, Lord, your love
Oh, Lord, your love, Oh Lord, your love
God don't like ugly. God don't like ugly.
God don't like ugly. God don't like ugly.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelu
And the last shall be first
And the last shall be first

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelu
God don't like ugly. God don't like ugly.
And the last shall be first
And the last shall be first

IX

Juba And A O'Brown Squaw

*Jesse thinks not of God, not of heaven, not of justice,
only his own freedom is on his mind. He goes to see Juba.
A man so wise, the uninformed think he is a fool.*

Jon Hendricks – Vocal

Juba: First you dance then you sing if you'd do the Juba rig
Then you turn all around and you hop a little jig

People comes to Juba when they wants to be free
When everything is fine with them their face he never see

Jump Juba Pat Juba act a natchul fool
Eat a pound of dirt and bite a two-head mule

Chorus: *O Lord Juba, Yea Lord Juba
Right, Left Juba. And a O'Brown Squaw*

Juba: Listen to these words son I'm about to say
I see it in your eyes that you want to get away
Dancin' and singin' and shakin' my tail
One mulatter girl and a bill of sale

The things you should do if you'd run add up to three
If you do these three, there's a chance you might be free

Chorus: *O Lord Juba, Yea Lord Juba
Right, Left Juba. And a O'Brown Squaw*

Juba: Number one is love the land and also you must know
The land that holds you slave is the same that lets you go.
Got-to-know where water lies to cover up your tracks
Stayin' long on ground too high has busted many backs.
See how Brer Rabbit makes himself so hard to find
Dogs got long and pointy teeth and would love some brown behind

Chorus: *O Lord Juba, Yea Lord Juba
Right, Left Juba. And a O'Brown Squaw*

Juba: Number two you got to sing with soul or even better shout
Be sad but sing a happy song to call the Indians out
Any man be an Indian no matter how he's born
All you got to do is give a starvin' man some corn.

Listen to ol' Juba sing and hear a soulful sound
Jubal laughs in the devil's face and knock he mama down.

Chorus: *O Lord Juba, Yea Lord Juba
Right, Left Juba. And a O'Brown Squaw*

Juba: Last thing number three you must do if you'd be free
If you're going to get away you must know who you'll be.
Runnin' round talkin' 'bout you some kind of king
Like a chicken flyin' with a hoot owl's wing



If a man be a prince, then another be a slave
May be the lesser work the greater to an early grave.

Chorus: *O Lord Juba, Yea Lord Juba
Right, Left Juba. And a O'Brown Squaw*

Juba: One you got to love the land, forgive it for its sin
You'll never get your freedom if the land is not your friend
Two, you've got to sing with soul so Indians will dance
If no one helps you run then you haven't got a chance
Three, what will you call yourself if you become free?
If a man is a prince then he too a slave can be.

Chorus: *O Lord Juba, Yea Lord Juba
High, Low Juba. And a O'Brown Squaw.*

X

Follow The Drinking Gourd

*Jesse don't care about no Indians, no land, no soul, no singing,
and no Leona. It was time for him to go ahead and run.*

Reginald Veal – Bass

Leona: Run day and run night
But look up to freedom
Freedom
Keep your eye on high
Follow the drinking gourd
But what of me, Jesse
Freedom, sweet freedom
One day or one night
Hope they bring him back to me
Hope they bring him back to me
Hope they bring him back to me

A. My Soul Fell Down

Leona: This was my wish
To have you here
Your dark strong touch
All mine, all night



But as you passed
Dog-bit, chain-burned
My soul fell down
I was so wrong
To want you back

XI

Forty Lashes

If the opposition be truly serious, no matter how noble the heart or just the cause, the unprepared will feel the bitter lash of failure.

Herlin Riley – Drums
Wess Anderson – Alto Saxophone
Victor Goines – E-flat Clarinet
Eric Reed – Piano

XII

What A Fool I've Been

Knocks on the head, feet in the butt can beget recognition.

Jesse: Oh what a fool I've been
 Oh what a fool I've been
 Not thinking
 Not living in this land
 Foolishly I live back in the old ways
Want to be back home to drive my own slaves
Now, I feel the pain
No man should own a man
I'm no slave
Not no prince
Just a man
Just a lonely man
No More!

A. Back to Basics

Wynton Marsalis – Trumpet
Ron Westray & Wycliffe Gordon – Trombone Exchanges
Wess Anderson, Victor Goines, Robert Stewart and James Carter – Saxophone Exchanges
Marcus Printup & Russell Gunn – Trumpet Exchanges



XIII

I Hold Out My Hand

What has more meaning than pain? He wants to know what soul is?

Leona: I hold out my hand
To comfort your wounds
And give without want
The sweetness of life.
Through rivers of tears
The moon shines tonight.
And that is what soul is.
When this bitter life has ended
Death may be a welcome rest
But why waste all your living on dying?
Why let mocking evil spirits have their way?
Why wallow in sorrow
When love's joys can be found?
Oh, come to me until I feel your heartbeat
And when our hearts are swaying at one tempo
That is soul.

Jesse: I have no heart, it's been crushed and torn by misery.
What sweet softness, can a man know in his heart
When others buy and sell his loved ones?
Is that soul?
And when this bitter life has ended
I will dance a happy dance
I will sing
I will shout
I will cry
And in my rage I will—O why!
Anguished heart! Wake my ears to hear this woman's song
Soul is the giving without want.
The sharing of some soothing sweetness through this bitter life.

Leona: Come to me until I feel your heartbeat
When our hearts are swaying at one tempo

Jesse: Yes, I think I understand what soul is.

Leona: Come and let us have this dance

Jesse: Come and let us have this little dance
That is soul.



Leona
and
Jesse:

My lips are sweet
(just one little taste)
My bosom not cold
(just one little taste)
Let's pleasure ourselves
(just one little taste)
Romance can't be sold
(but they sure will try)
But even through tears
(and there are many)
The moon shines tonight
(let's stop this talking)
And that is what soul is!

XIV

Look And See

Now he wants to listen

Juba:

Look and see
To learn and be
One part of we
And not just ye
If you'd be free

Ask to know
Watch out! Lay low
Then act on
What you know
To grow
Then you can go

Don't close your ears to the hot songs of life
Open them wide
Take in the size
Reach with your dreams
Past moonless nights

Look and see
To learn and be
One part of we
And not just ye
If you'd be free



Don't fall in love with the weight of your pain
Hawk at the mule
Of tragedy
Life won't be bent to your lament

Ask to know
Watch out! Lay low
Then act on
What you know
To grow
Then you can go.

A. The Sun Is Gonna Shine

Miles Griffith – Vocal

XV

Will The Sun Come Out?

Yes, but still the blues.

Eric Reed – Piano

Leona: Do I like this change in him?
From so strong a man
So suddenly has he gone soft.
Will his manhood drain on this land?
Do I want to birth his slave?

Will the sun come out?
Should I look up to the skies?
Will the sun come out?
Can he shine where evil thrives?

What shall I do?
Let you shine through?
Hang my head but should I cry?
Hang my head but should I cry?

Will the sun come out?
Wear his crown though darkness reigns?
Will the sun come out?
Forging metal for more chains.
What can I do?
Sun shines through blues.



Hang my head I think I'll cry.
Hang my head I think I'll cry.
Will the sun come out?
Nourish blood-soaked fields all day?
Will the sun come out?
Crops been sold and sent away.
Wealth all around
None can be found
Hang my head but should I cry
'Nuff to live but not to thrive.
Wealth all around
Sun has gone down.
Hang my head but should I cry?
Hang my head but still survive
Come on sun, just one more try.

XVI

The Sun Is Gonna Shine

But Jesse has learned how to play the blues.

Marcus Printup – Trumpet
Wess Anderson – Alto Saxophone
Robert Stewart – Tenor Saxophone
Ron Westray – Trombone
Victor Goines – Clarinet
Russell Gunn – Trumpet

Jesse: The sun is gonna shine
Upon this land today
He'll show his warm round face and smile
He'll play the bluest blues high yellow style
Sun is gon' shine.

The sun is gonna shine
Just like he do each day
His light will be so bright and clear
He'll warm those soulless hearts long cloaked in fear
Sun is gon' shine
When you see me dancing down the street
Singing
Know that I sing a song with soul to be free



Which I soon will be
Yes, then always

The sun is gonna shine
Upon this land today
He'll rise so high he'll never fall
His light will sound before the rooster's call
Sun is gon' shine

When you see me dancing down the street
Singing
Know that I sing a song with soul to be free
Which I soon will be
Yes, then always

The sun is gonna shine
Upon this land today
He'll rise so high he'll never fall
His light will sound before the rooster's call
Sun is gon' shine

XVII

Chant To Call The Indians Out

Jesse:

Oh! Anybody. Hear This Plaintive Song.
Oh! Who wants to help their brother dance this dance?
Oh! I sing with soul:
Heal this wounded land

XVIII

Calling The Indians Out

XIX

Follow The Drinking Gourd

His mind is set on a freedom larger than himself. Jesse escapes again, this time with Leona.

XX

Freedom Is In The Trying

Even for the righteous, success is never certain.

Juba: This is all I tell you because this is all I see.
You answered questions right but you still ain't free
If you see an eagle sittin' on a crow's nest
His head in the east but his mind in the west
Freedom is no simple thing but all you need to know
Freedom's in the trying, just walk on through the door

Chorus: *O Lord Juba, Yes Lord Juba
Right, Left Juba. And a O'Brown Squaw*

Juba: Freedom's in the trying
Walk on through the door
Freedom's in the trying
All you need to know
Freedom's in the trying
Walk on through the door
Freedom's in the trying
All you need to know
Freedom is no simple thing but all you need to know
Freedom's in the trying and walk on through the door.
Freedom is no simple thing but all you need to know
Freedom's in the trying and walk on through the door.
Freedom is no simple thing but all you need to know
Freedom's in the trying and walk on through the door.

Chorus: *Oh Lord Juba, Yea Lord Juba
High, Low Juba. And a O'Brown Squaw*

Juba: That's all I know.

XXI

Due North



Produced by Steve Epstein

Recording Engineer: Mark Wilder

Recorded in the Grand Hall of the Masonic Grand Lodge, January 22-25, 1995

Recorded digitally onto the Sony PCM 3348 Tape Recorder

Mix Engineer: Todd Whitelock

Mix Assistant: Jen Wyler

Post-produced at Sony Music Studios, NYC

Mixed to the Sony PCM 800, utilizing the AD122 24-bit analog-to-digital converter through a Prizm interface

Location recording equipment provided by Effanel and Sony Music Studios

Assistant Engineers: John Harrison, James Biggs, Brian Kingman, Brian Faehndrich

Production Coordinator: Dennis Jeter

Mastered at Sony Music Studios, NYC

Cassandra Wilson appears courtesy of Blue Note Records

Marcus Printup appears courtesy of Blue Note Records

Wessell Anderson appears courtesy of Atlantic Recording Corp.

James Carter appears courtesy of Atlantic Recording Corp.

Eric Reed appears courtesy of Mo' Jazz, a division of Motown Record Company, L. P.

Plantation Scene Photo: Collection of The New-York Historical Society



Santa Fe, NM ♦ Princeton, NJ

Edward C. Arrendell II ♦ Vernon H. Hammond III

Art Direction: Josephine DiDonato

For more information, connect with Sony Online at <http://www.sony.com>

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